

# MR. DOOLEY ON THE HUNDRED GREATEST MEN

BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE



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"I supposed that th' second thing Adam bought was a pair iv suspensirs."



"Th' grocer thinkin' iv th' author iv dhried apples."

"SEE," said Mr. Dooley, "that a lot iv people has been asked to make out a list iv th' hundherd gr-greatest men in th' wurld that ar-re now dead."

"I didn't know there were that many," said Mr. Hennessy.

"No more did I," said Mr. Dooley. "But judgin' by what's been turned in be th' boys as their pick iv th' wurld's championship team there's not a hundherd—there's a millyon. I don't know most iv them. They done things in thades that I know nawthin' about. Ye see, ivry wan that's asked puts down names iv la-ads in their own business. They all start with Shakspeare, Wash'nton, an' Lincoln, but they're li'ble to wind up with Ephraim Perkins, who was th' champion caleyminer iv his time."

"Twag-Andrew Carnagie started it, iv coorse. There's a man I like. He's good comp'ny. Whin nobody is talkin' an' some people ar-re thinkin' iv goin' home, he's always ready to jump in and get up some kind iv parlor intertainmint, whether 'tis rayformed spellin', or a peace conference, or a hundherd gr-greatest men competition. He turned in th' first list himself. As it was originally, d'ye mind, there were a hundherd an' wan names on th' list, but he scratched off th' first wan, sayin', 'I don't want to crowd anny good fellow out at th' bottom,' he says. 'Ask me who ar-re th' hundherd gr-greatest men in histhry,' he says. 'Ye won't? Well, I'll tell ye who they ar-re,' he says, an' he puts down Shakspeare, Wash'nton, Lincoln, Cyrus Butts, th' invintor iv th' pick; Lemuel Higgins, th' invintor iv th' steam hoist; th' man that discovered Poland an' Bohayma, an' a lot iv other artists that done things to make th' steel business what it is today. He is right about it, too. He oughtn't to take all th' blame himself."

"Well, he'd no sooner suggested this rough but injivable spoor th' whole wurld set down an' begun makin' out lists, an' ivry wan done just as Andrew done. Ivry man to his graft, as th' sayin' is. A pote picks out a hundherd potes who he thinks ar-re in his class, or nearly so. A banker can't see annybody but Shakspeare, Wash'nton, an' Lincoln except th' boys that can separate money with their thumbs. A bartender tells ye that th' customers he wud like to see on a dull evenin' ar-re Shakspeare, Wash'nton, Lincoln, an' th' januses that has had cocktails named after them. It's a crowded order, but 'tis as sure a way to fame as anny I know. Cinchies fr'm now Col. Riskey will be cillybrated whin people can't raymber whether it was Roodyard Kipling or Laura Jean Libbey that lived in Brooklyn. A mannyfacther iv furniture acknowledges that th' men that have had most influence on his life were Shakspeare, Wash'nton, Lincoln, an' th' invintor iv curled hair. A grocery man says that his eyes ar-re dimmed with tears ivry time he thinks iv Shakspeare, Wash'nton, Lincoln, an' th' author iv dhried apples. Cassidy, who goes out to Celtic park ivry Sundah

an' sprains his back thryin' to throw th' hammer over his feet, thinks that nex' to th' athaleets mentioned Flanagan, who cud throw th' hammer over th' moon if he wanted to, is th' head iv th' list. Ye'er little boy thinks it's th' dhriver iv Hook an' Ladder Five. Ye'er oldest boy thinks it's Cap Chance. Ye'er daughter thinks it's Jawn Dhrew. An author heads th' list with th' two Dutchmen that invinted printin', though Father Kelly says authors was just as well off whin they chalked their own novels on a piece iv slate an' charged people so much a head to look at them. They were their own publisher in thim days."

"Ask a Chinymen to put down th' hundherd gr-greatest men he iver heard iv an' ye won't recognize a name unless it reminds ye iv wwere ye lost a shirt. A German will pack th' list as full iv Germans as a brass band. There'll be nawthin' but Shakspeare an' Fr-rinch in th' Fr-rinch list, an' th' Rooshyan list wud make th' chief iv polis sind out a riot call."

"An' they're right, all iv thim. If Shakspeare goes on th' list because he cud throw a pome farther thim anny man before or since, Flanagan ought to go on because he can throw th' hammer. Jack Johnson is as gr-rear as a man in his way as Prisdint Eliot. They've both got th' punch, but 'tis in a diff'rent way. Look out iv th' window at that fellow acrost th' sthreet climbin' up a derick with a hammer in wan hand, a monkey wrench between his teeth, an' a bag iv spikes hangin' fr'm his neck. Cud Hogan's frind Milton do that? He cud not no more thim that

acrobat cud write 'Shurdan's Ride' or whatever it was. Manny a man that cud capture this here city with wan hand cudn't bate a carpet. Manny a man that cud rule a hundherd millyon strangers with an ir'n hand is careful to take off his shoes in th' front hallway whin he comes home late at night."

"What makes a man gr-rear annyhow. It isn't because he's good, though it may be because he isn't. Manny a hero iv antikity has a pitcher iv somewan else in th' goold watch th' boys in th' office give him fr' Chris'mas. It ain't because he's better iddyated thim others. There ar-re fellows tacin' school in Waukegan that cud spell better thim Alexandher th' Gr-rear. It ain't because he's pretty. An album filled with pitchers iv th' gr-rear cud on'y be opened after dark. It ain't because they're brave. Manny a man has voted th' Raypublican tickety in Mississippi without aven gettin' his name on th' tally sheet. It ain't because they're forchnit. Th' on'y fellows ye remeber who wint up in flyin' masheens last year ar-re thim that come down too quick. An' it ain't because they plan things in advance, fr' there was Columbus, whose name is on manny lamp posts, an' he didn't find what he wint lookin' fr', Hogan tells me, an' it wasn't America he discovered at first but a place called Watling's island that he bumped into on his way to Chiny, th' poor deluded Eyetalyan thinkin' 'Chiny was somewheres near Phillydelphy."

"So there ye ar-re. Befure ye pick out th'

gr-greatest men ye've got to tell me what is ye'er idee iv a gr-rear man. Father Kelly says a man's gr-rear who can do th' wan thing he knows how to do better thim most annywan else. That is, if he has th' luck to cash in. Be that rule I can prove ye're th' akel iv Joolyus Cayzar, fr' I've observed ye'er scientific handlin' iv a shovel, me boy, though I've niver mentioned it fr' fear iv turnin' ye'er head."

"But whin I look over these lists I'm disappointed in not seein' th' minton iv manny a bini-factor iv humanity that I've always looked up to. I'm goin' to make out me own list. I've as good a right as annywan. An' th' name I'll put down fourth is th' fellow that invinted suspensirs. I've often talked to ye about him. He's wan iv me gr-rear heroes. I don't know his name, but ivry time I look down at me legs an' see they're properly dhraped I think kindly iv this janius. I wanst had an idee that suspensirs was wan iv th' oldest iv human institutions. I suppose ivrybody did. That's th' careless way we take th' gr-rear gifts iv science. We think there niver was a time whin there weren't all these convaynences. We have no thought iv th' lone student settin' under th' midnight lamp an' dopin' thim out fr' th' benefit iv a thankless race. I supposed that th' second thing Adam bought after he become ashamed iv himself—an' he'd ought not to be goin' around that way aven if 'twas on'y his own family that cud see him—was a pair iv suspensirs to hold thim up. But it ain't so. Fr'm what Hogan tells me they're

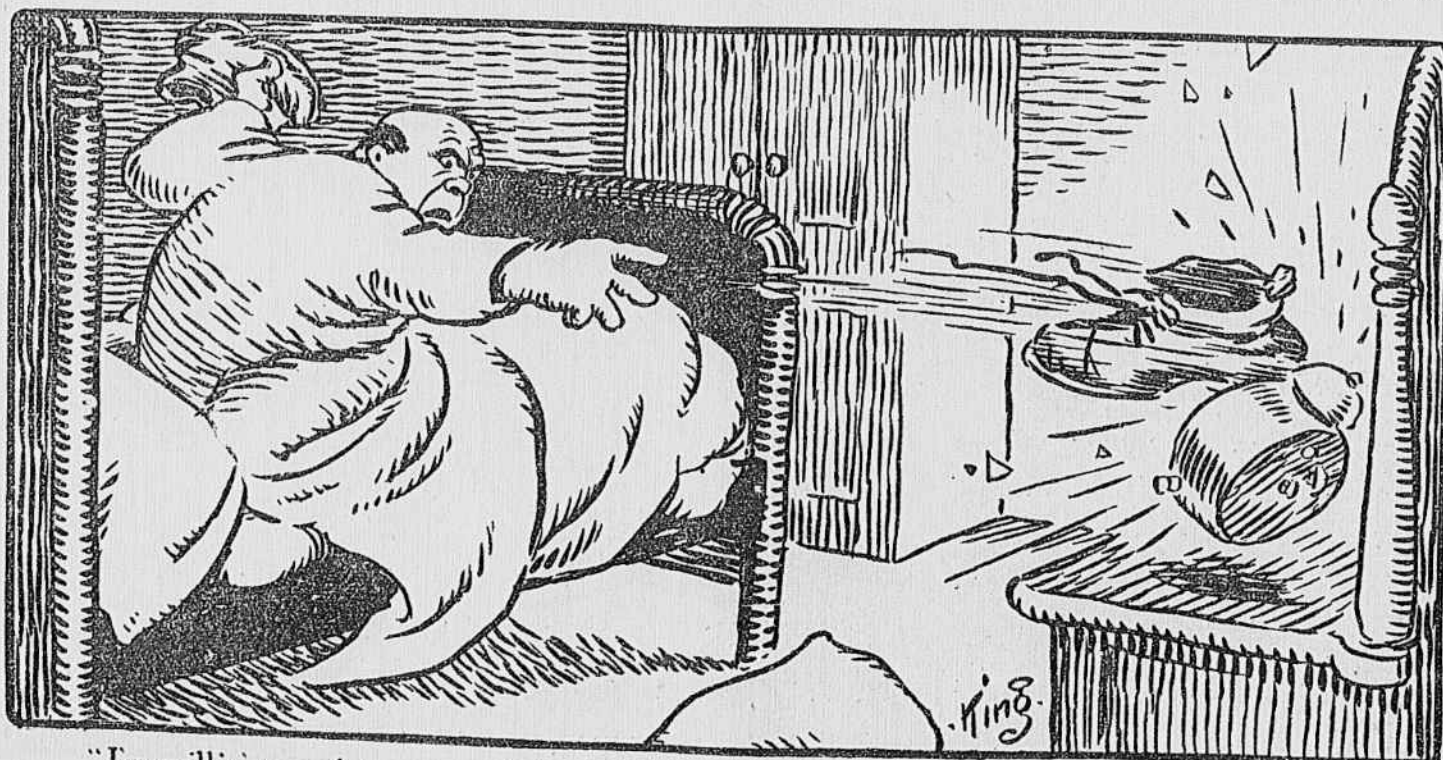
almost what ye might call a modern invintion. Fr' eight thousan' years, accordin' to Father Kelly's count, or fr' eight thousan' millyon years th' way they add it up in th' colledges, th' wurld wint without thim till this modest frind iv man come along with an invintion that has made it possible fr' mankind to fight th' battles iv th' wurld with both hands free. Iver since Hogan told me this I can't read histhry without puttin' in lines that make me shiver. 'Give me liberty or give me death,' says Patrick Hinnery, raisin' his hands above his head with a passionate gesture, accordin' to histhry. 'Give me liberty or give me death,' says Patrick Hinnery, raisin' wan hand above his head, accordin' to me. No wondher sojers in th' old times were brave. They cudn't run away comfortably. An' I've always wondhered how th' Fr-rinch cud talk at all in thim dark days."

"Who else wud I put on me list? Faith, I don't know. Manny gr-rear devlopments has been made in me line iv business since liquor merchants used to go ar-round sellin' pints out iv a leather bag. I wud mention th' creators iv th' beer pump, th' cash register, th' combynation cheese, cracker, an' coffee plate, th' seegar lighter, an' th' injanyous device fr' cuttin' off th' ends iv seegars which in oncivilized peeryods was bit off. So far as I'm consarned they were gr-rear men thim th' heroes that made life pleasanter fr' me frind Andrew. But I'm willin' to accept anny man's list so long as it don't include th' invintor iv th' alarm clock an' th' gas meter. I've got thim on me other list. 'Tis a good sign whin people acknowledge that other people ar-re gr-rear. It shows self-restraint. It's far asier to say no man was gr-rear. An' ye can always prove that, fr' there's somethin' th' matter with ivry man, an' if there wasn't he'd be lynched. I wondher who'll be th' gr-rear men iv today a hundherd years fr'm now. Lookin' over me contimpraries, I shud say that almost annywan has a chanst. Posterity, Hinnissy, sometimes likes to vote fr' th' dark horse. There's wan thing ye may be sure iv, an' that is that manny a boy that thinks he's got th' diploma in his bag won't figure in th' biographical ditchnries. Faith, I wudden't be surprised at all if ye got in ye'erself. A hundherd years fr'm now a man may pick up a histhry iv our country an' read: 'At this peeryod there ar-rose a remarkable figure in th' person of Malachi Hinnissy. Fr' cinchies th' wurld had been full iv talk. Now fr' th' first time there appeared a man who cud listen. He was th' foundher iv th' pow'rful school that includes at th' prisent day most iv th' thoughtful men iv th' wurld.'

"But I haven't been listenin'," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "if ye won't talk an' ye won't listen ye can have ye'er thrunk checked to th' Hall iv Fame tonight. Ye'er icted."

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